G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XI

WASHINGTON, D, C., THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1858.

ed, will give the name of the post office changed from, as well as the post office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All communications to the Era, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to
G. BAILEY, Washington, D. C.

is invariably required.

For the National Era.

Stand with blossoms laden,

To a winsome maiden.

To the woodlands shady, One shall whisper in her ear, Wilt thou love me, lady

For thy beauty's wearing.

To thy queenly bearing.

So, when o'er the clover fields

Kneeling at his royal thron-

We shall bind us, saying,

" Ducenly fair the lady June

Dearer was the baby May

Smiting on us faintly."

For the National-Era.

BY THE WINDOW.

II.

ness, in multiform variety passing and repass

By this window, into which the morning sun-

light comes, the sights of the busy world all

shut out, and its sounds heard only in indistinct

marmurings, like the sound of far-off waters, I

and summer life, I thought of the beautiful

we hear not" the truths that would lead us into freedom and light.
This little spot of ground which I am watch-

beavens. Nothing can come between.

There was a division in the family council, when the momentous question, "Shall we have

be decided.

"Fresh cucumbers every day, early tomatoes and tender radishes," said one party.

"Boquets of our own gathering, with the

morning dew upon them, roses, verbenss, helio-trope, and mignonette," said the opposition

woods, lost none of their beauty in the home of

their adoption. Never was mignonette more

similar example of miraculous growth. Our morning glories were prevented from reaching unknown heights and bearing giants' treasures on their summit by the unwelcome blasts of November, that left no beauty where they swept in their fury.

But the vegetables. There were the full cucumber vines with their worlds.

Warmer winds are straying,

Fitter were the royal rose

MAY. BY EMILY C. BUNTINGTON. May is born, the dimpled child, Tender as a blossom, Nestling in her baby smile

On the spring-time's bosom Durling May, the grayest skies Bluer grow above her, Looking in her laughing eyes,

Gentler for her smiling, Not a care that hath not flown At her sweet beguiling. Pa'est flowers, with perfumed breath, Waxen bud, and hily bell, Best become her sweetn When the orchards on the slope

May shall change from childish grace Durling May, her fluttering hear Listening to his story, She shall be the Summer's bride

closed, with loud lame stations, and threats of vengeance, went, armed with clubs and stones, and hastily expelled from the field of ruin the ruthless devourer of the state o

many hopes.

Paper and pen, asid: The beautiful morning tempts me away. I must go out and look at the pansies, brave little flowers, defying the cold of the early spring. I must count the new leaves on the tulips, and ask the tardy blue violets if they intend bissooming to morrow. Not by the street window to-day. I do not care to see fashion and rags, idleness and busi-

For the A stional Era. AURORE LEIGH.

will watch the moving clouds in their changing beauty, and the swelling buds which are fanned Art and Love," otherwise, Aurora Leigh and by every breath of this fresh breeze. It is a Romney Leigh, starting in life. Art, on her joy to be alive this bright spring morning, twentieth birthday, full of herself, puts on her by every breath of this fresh breeze. It is a joy to be alive this bright spring morning, when all nature is awakening to newness of life, and the very air is full of gladness and hope.

How strange, how beautiful, this miracle in the spring, continually recurring and forever the spring, continually recurring and forever this wide resource that a left in the spring of the sprin Last year, I watched a rose bush in our garden, from the time when the winter snows melted away, till the tiny leaf-buds came, in obedience to a call I could not hear, and began to
swell and expand, and, at last, clothed the bare

murs, upon the brows that lie dead, and past the
fill wers, at when she sleepily beckons him,
ki sees her till mouth, cheeks, and all its face,
is dissolved in hers. She says—
"God love him!" meaning the baby. "I should
the process of them, as Dante's. So,
as she sings, she hunta for leaves wherewith to
crown herself, catches joyfully at the ivy, of
which "not a leaf will grow but thinking of a
branches with fill wers, at when she sleepily beckons him,
ki sees her till mouth, cheeks, and all its face,
is dissolved in hers. She says—
"God love him!" meaning the baby. "I should
the process of them, as Dante's.

"God love him!" meaning the baby. "I should
the process of them, as Dante's and all its face,
is dissolved in the control of the part of she is-Art; and, in all the big, swarming ed the flower bude, silently taking the places world, there is no one else beside her.

assigned to them, and gradually expanding into the perfect flowers, whose mission was to give beauty and fragrance to the world, and to teach beauty and fragrance to the world, and to teach beauty and fragrance to the world, and to teach men and women to do here on this beleaguered us, by the beautiful order and full success of their lives, that we have only to be what God | earth.

meant us to be; only, in unquestioning obedience and faith to follow the laws of our being; only to be our own best selves, without thought of what others are or can be, and our lives will take their places in the Divine order. Receiving into my heart the lessons which the rose-bush taught me by the gradual unfold-

> And he adds-" May I choose, indeed,

story of Picciola, and wondered no longer at the strange ministry of the little flower in the lonely prison court, and the miracle it perform-ed in a human heart.

Thus, silently and eloquently, nature is always preaching through her countless ministers, but our ears are filled with the discordant sounds of earth, and our eyes are dazzled by its glitter-ing shows; thus "having eyes, we see not" the beauty that is all around us, and "having ears, wrongs, before her eyes, and said how terrible

he asks her to be his wife, and help him do his ing from my window is a treasure to us, which wellers in the country, and the owners of came into possession of it last year. It is a little patch of ground, in the heart of the city, fenced in by large, dark buildings and high fences from the rest of the world, but not fenced in from the blue sky, the bright sunlight, the free winds, and the nightly dews, with their attainment and achie ement, breaks in and

And then she says—"Farewell."

She is torn in the parting; but wonders why, since his chosen work and life are not her chosen work and life; since, with all the intentions that have come to teach her and be guides to her, this has not come, that they, too, Love and Art, were joined together in the beginning of God, and can never, to the end, be put asunder without sense of less and nein more or the same of th der, without sense of less and pain, more or less acute. So, standing erect, she says—"Farewell."

was in the ascendency; so a large proportion of the precious territory was given up to utilitarian purposes, and the flower-lovers thankfully took possession of the little portion "Farewell."

He, with pain expressed in his words, his tones, his sorrowfully bent head, answered—
"Then his farewell." Then, farewell."

"Then, farewell."

She goes her way; he, his. He goes alone, with his heartache, and works; works all the harder, that, if possible, he may out-work, out-live the heartache. He parts his ancestral hall into almahouses, and fills them with the poor-When Art heard of it, she said: as if in fierce competition with its practical neighbor, put forth its utmost power, made the most of itself, and astonished all beholders. Roses in great variety blossomed in beauty and fragrance, and beautiful wild violets, brought from the shadow of the dark, green

"He made an aimshouse of his heart one day.
Which ever since is loose upon the latch
For those who pull the string. I never did." their adoption. Never was mignonette more fragrant, or sweet peas sweeter, or asters brighter and longer-lived than ours.

But the morning glories were the crowning glory of the garden. They grew in hot-bed haste, and with an upward tendency that has only once been equalled. The little hero, whem history has rendered immortal, going out with his morning allowance of bread and butter, to note the progress his bean-vine had made during the night, probably witnessed a similar example of miraculous growth. Our No; cold, proud, ar ogant! But this is what she said about the same time, after she had been a long, long time, at her chosen most successful art-work:

But the vegetables. There were the functional cucumber vines with their wealth of golden blossoms and green fruit, potatoes, beets, and radishes; but the radishes gave no occasion for boasting to the cultivators of the soil, for their strength and glory were in the large waving tops, while the roots were only dry pigmies. The king of the vegetable world was the corn. How its strong, green leaves stretched upwards to the sunshine, and waved in the wind, and drank in the rain! Then came its silken glory, and finally the full ear. Soon the fact was announced that some day we could have full yellow ears of corp. of any could have full yellow ears of corp. of any could have full yellow ears of corp. yellow ears of corn, of our own raising, for dinner. What a watching and counting of ears, if not of kernels! with tresses so abuncant, her maid must use both hands to coil them; and that the young in man, with the German student's look, and with in her hearing—

You were wrong in most.

In mac. You were wrong in most.

Oh, no

"And now I'm sadder that I went to night Among the lights and talkers at Lord Howe's."

She finds poor Marian Erie there; and, list

here is the midst of a garden where the clive grows and spens, in her villa that overlooks the suses riggs and setting, the Ballombrosan

then the fever took him first, and writ to you in France. Lady Waldemar mixed drinks grains like any salaried nurse, tat she wept too." Vincer where says he's married, but, put

Ne wonder that he's married; that is clear that he's married, nor much more at's therefore 'sorry.' Why, of course read him when he was not well, is—unless nepenthe was the drink, e worth telling.

Why to be the word of th

"God love him!" meaning the baby. "I should certainty be glad,
Except, 3. I help me, that I'm sorrowful Because a Romney."

Yes, beer use of Romney. Poor, dear, deared Arti por Aurora Leigh! "Twis y irian laughed. I saw her glance above under ste, e that I should hear her laugh, iy dropped my eyes upon my book, d knew the first time, twas Boccació's tales,

si s, watel ig the gathering night, and how the

When, at once,

The soul of waters. There he stood, My king I felt his atter than beheld him. Up I rose, s. f. he were my king, indeed, And the at down in trouble at myself, And str g thing for my woman's empiery. The pitter but women are so made! She'll dor you, perhaps—the probable—But we not spare you an inch of our full height. We'll he our just stature—five feet four. You, Beiney! Lady Waldemar is here!

"Did he touch my hand, Or but 1 sleeve? I trembled hand and foot," &c

against him, shot at him once, pelt-through the village, and burnt his

" / ey did? They burnt Leigh Hall!
F / Romney!" S'ie know the is not married; for when,

As she is into against a stormy sea.

And lau ed with such a helpless, hopeless scorn, I stood ed trembled.

" Dearest, men have burnt my house Malign-t'my motives; but not one, I swear, Has wr, ged my soul as this Anrora has, Who caidd the Lady Waldemar my wife."

Ind—

I have love, I have loved you! O my soul,
I have loved you. I attest
Those so so we us, which I cannot see

"You anot? Not see the stars??

"This worse still, not to see
To find our hand, although we're parting, dear.
A mount let me hold it, ere we part;
And un i stand my last words?

He tells ter what he feels, and says "Good

"No more than the blessed stars.
Be blessed, too, Aurora. Ah, my sweet,
You tre a sle."

He tell; her, then, what a way-lost letter of Lord Hove a should have told her long ago, that one of those who turned against him, a preacher, the night his house was burnt, struck him

nd, "'Blind Romney?'
"'Ah, my friend,
You'll f' arn to say it in a cheerful voice,
I too, a trst, desponded.'

Divine grore? tears upon my land?

Pve see for weeping for a mouse, a bird,
But wee for me. Aurora? Yes, there's hop
Not hope of sight.

As tend y surely for the suffering world,
But quie - sitting at the wall to learn;
Content a meeforth to do the things I can: But due a ming at the wall to tente.

Content, a more orth to do the things I can:

For those as poweries, and I, as a stoffe,
A stone yet sull five cheller to a worm,
And it; iverth while being a stone for that

There's epp, Aurora.

For me and is there hope for me?

For me and is there room beneath the atone
For suc a worm? And if I came and said
What a his weeping scarce would let me sa
And re, that woman cannot say at all,
But we, ing bitterly, (the pride keeps up,
Unit it, learn breaks under it,) I love.

I love y a Romney.

The not must hear her, though he leve her not.
Which tush he has leave to answer in his tur

No perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman.

* * Art is much, but love is more.
O Art, my Art, thou'nt thueh, but Love is more!
Art symbolizes heaven, but Love is God,
And makes heaven O, Romney, O, my love,
Fm changed since then. Yet in one respect,
Just one, beloved, I am in nowise changed:
I love you, loved you—loved you first and last,
And love you on forever. * *

* * * Romney, will you leave me here?
So wrong, so proud, so weak, so unconsoled,
So mere a woman! and I love you so,
I love you, Romney."

I love you, Romney."

"Could I see his face,
I wept so? Did I drop against his breast,
Or did his arm constrain me? Were my chee
Hot, overflooded with my tears, on his?
And which of our two large, explosive hearts
So shook me? That I know not. There were
That broke in utterauce, melted, in the fire;
Embrace, that was convulsion—then a kiss—
As long and stiert as the extatic night—
And deep, deep, shuddering breaths, which a
beyond
Whatever could be acted.

But we cling to the page too long, transcribed o much, stretch our piece out too far. Be

OUR GAME. BY NORA PERRY.

At first the evening flickered on, As candles glimmer, gleam, and burn A drowsy flame—a flash that's gone, To drowse again, and then return

At last perhaps a random word, Perhaps a glance between us, broke Through all that calm reserve, and stirred The cautious nature, till awoke

The smothered fire which hidden burned The smouldering fire that lay in wait, The fitful, flashing fire, that turned A shower of sparkles, ere too late

What did your cautious nature fear? Some spirit of diablerie— The game we played was surely fair-

I think we understood it well— Some call it, I believe, Soltaire— What name we gave I cannot tell Who proved the victor in the end?

Or any victory to contend?
Or any vanquished one to fall? And was it not a charming game An even play to lose and win

Of playful friendship, where the sin! And where the sin to talk and laugh, With now and then a wicked glance And now and then to gaily chaff

In playing games, or at a dance Peoria, Illinois.

KITCHEN PHYSIC.

One foggy winter morning, about twenty

of black kerseymere. It was evident that this early visitant to the poultry market was no vulgar customer; his small black eyes were bright and pieroing; his lips, though somewhat sen-

these remarks were addressed gould be no other than one of the gastronomic celebrities of the day, the Marquis de Cussy, formerly chief purveyor to the Emperor Napoleon, and one of the most illustrious gourmands of the nineteenth century. Witty and skeptical, as men of his sybaritic temperament are apt to be, he was by no means deficient in probity or kindness, and never missed an occasion for doing good in his own way to those with whom he was brought into context.

men of his sybaritic temperament are apt to be, he was by no means deficient in probity or kindness, and never missed an occasion for doing good in his own way to those with whom he was brought into contact. He had declined all the overtures made to him by those of his friends who had come into power with the restoration; but had resumed his post at the Tulleries after the 20th of March. When the news of Waterloo reached him, he was heard to exclaim, in bitterness of soul, "Allons, my saucepans are all upset again!"

The following year a friend obtained for the expurveyor a sinecure of five thousand frances a year. "I can live upon this sum," he remarked, resignedly, "it will find me a crust of bread and a morsel of Gruyere cheese."

Simon Leblanc, the artisan, or rather, we might say, the artist, of the Rue Martel, through whom there was the slightest chance of obtaining the execution of the Prince's order.

"I will go to the Rue Martel," said the rival of Brillat-Savarin.

A week previous to his morning visit to the poultry market, the Marquis rang at the door of Simon Leblanc. A young woman opened the door. Her face was intelligent and pleasing; but her estitute. The was intelligent and pleasing; but her estitute. She was the wife of the poultry market, the Marquis rang at the door of Simon Leblanc. A young woman opened the door. Her face was intelligent and pleasing; but her estitute. The Marquis's penetration at once divined the want and suffering that had left their traces on this gentle face.

"Who can it be for?" said one. "Is it for the English Ambassador?" said another. "Perhaps it is for the Baron de Rothschild," suggested a third. "You look a long way off," interposed a fourth; "you forgot that the Marquis, though not exactly a rich man, is still the most delicate ester in all Paris. The golden pheasurement of the said of th

the mark. Had the market women been able to follow the retreating figure of their customer, they would have seen him regain the line of the Pont Neuf, and make his way, still on foot, along the Rue Montorgeuil, to the other side of the Faubourg Poissonnière; and, after walking some distance in this direction, turn into the nest of streets, empty and quiet, of the Faubourg Saint Denis, which compose the quarter specially affected to those innumerable petty manufactures usually known as "Articles de Paris," and constituting so important an item in the industry of the metropolis. Then, as now, this part of the town was densely peopled by an intelligent and industrious population, occupying an intermediate position between the mere workman and the artist; these narrow at rests. which the carver, the lithographer, the gilder, the musical-instrument maker, and the manufacturer of every species of fancy work, carried on their labors. Turning into the Rue Mertel, the Marquis entered a sordid-looking house, and demanded, "Monsieur Simon Leblanc, the porcelain painter."

"Fourth story, second door to the left," re-

turned the concierge, without raising his eyes from the boot at which he was working.

"I know the room," said the Marquis in an under-tone, as he climbed the dark and dirty

"He says the food is not eatable at home."

ing elsewhere."
"But whose fault is it, Monsieur, if the food

"Listen to me, mon enfant," continued her visiter. "I am the Marquis de Cussy. People call me the Prince of Gourmands, which is merely a piece of flattery; they ought rather to call me the Prince of Doctors, which would be only justice. I will cure your husband."

"You, Monsieur? And how will you cure him?"

"With the help of my science. Proceedings of the special promise.

"And how will you cure him?"

"With the help of my science. Proceedings of the special promise.

"It is the round table was covered with a snowy cloth, and for each of the thread dinner companions was laid a handsome cover with plates of Sevres china, flanked by gobleta of transparent clearness. A tall chandelier, garnished with lighted tapers, stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by a tureen of steaming soup, that was sending forth a most appearance of equally agreeable promise.

Full title round table was covered with plates of Sevres china, flanked by gobleta of transparent clearness. A tall chandelier, garnished with lighted tapers, stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by a tureen of steaming soup, that was sending forth a most appearance of equally agreeable promise.

Full title round table was covered with a snowy cloth, and for each of the thread dinner companions was laid a handsome cover with plates of Sevres china, flanked by gobleta of transparent clearness. A tall chandelier, garnished with lighted tapers, stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by a tureen of steaming soup, that was sending forth a most appearance of equally agreeable promise.

Full title round table was covered with plates of Sevres china, flanked by gobleta of transparent clearness. A tall chandelier, garnished with lighted tapers, stood in the centre of the table, surrounded by a tureen of steaming soup, that was sending forth a most appearance of equally agreeable promise.

do so only on one condition, which is this: you must let me have my own way in everything

with an artist of merit; we shall easily come to an understanding on this point.

"Meanwhile, permit me to impose on you one slight condition. For the last fifty years (I am now sixty-five) I have never arranged any matter of business without having previously lines with the other contracting party. I have therefore to inform you that I hereby invite myself to dine with you to morrow—a family dinner—with you and your wife.

"Manous De Cusey."

task is over. And, besides, I am not sorry to be on the spot, and to see for myself how the work gets on."

Things went on in this manner for four days, simon Lobianc working steadily all day long, and dining like a prince of the blood in the evening.

By the end of the fourth day, the porcelain painter was againshed to find something of his farmer liking for his work coming back to him.

"What an old sort of a customer!" said the porcelain painter to himself, as he perused the missive; a Marquis that invites himself to dine in a garret where there is not a mouthful to eat. But I like his free and easy sort of way. Let him come; and we'll see what can be done." So saying, Simon Leblanc began to examine the broken chins left by the Marquis. "I'wo saucers like these will take eight days to finish," he remarked, susingly; "a wearisome job. But we'll think about it to morrow." Next morning, on awaking, the saucers were the first thing he thought of.

"Dence take the man and his letter |" he exclaimed. "If he had only left the order, I should just have left him and his saucers to look after themselves; but what can one do when a Marquis not only gives one an order, but invites himself to dine with one this very

evening?"

During the whole of the morning the painter remained at home, wandering restlessly in and out of the little room in which he used to work

with the aid of his servant and the painter's mous in his art, and eventually amassed a good wife, now betook himself to the little kitchen, deal of money. "In that case he is perfectly justified in eat- and began to make the fires for his contempla-

ing soup, that was sending forth a most appetizing aroma, and sundry small hors d'euvres of equally agressable promise.

That if the appearance of the repast was satisfactory and inviting, what shall be said of the viands of which it was composed? Some things are beyond the reach of description, and the Marquis's cookery was one of these.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Marquis, as the soup was removed and the marquis, as the soup was removed and the marquis.

farmer liking for his work coming back to him. His work room seemed to have grown less disagreeable; his brushes, his palette, and all the details of his occupation, began to exercise something of their old charm over his mind; and he might have been heard to murmur, while painting busily, "If one were only sure of having a good dinner in one's own home at the end of a day's work!"

When the Marquis was leaving, that evening, after they had again partaken, as usual, of an excellent repast, the young wife followed him to the door, and whispered, "I really think that Simon is beginning to forget the road to the tavern."

"He will have forgotten it altogether a few days hence, mon enfant," replied the Marquis, with a smile.

He was already meditating the preparation of

seen in the windows; the brass knows of the andirons were shining in brilliant rivalry with the gleaming of the fire; and banches of asters and chrysauthemums filled the little china jars upon the mantelpiece.

"This evening I shall deliver to you the two

RATES OF ADVERTISING

Ten cents a line for the first insertion, five

cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance

Money may be forwarded by mail at

my risk. Notes on Eastern banks preferred.

Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or
certificates of deposit.

Subscribers wishing their papers chang-

When the Marquis de Cussy was attacked by ted operations.

the malady which terminated his days, no one day received a present of a very beautiful porcelain cup, on which was painted a golden porcelain cup, on which was painted a golden pheasant. This cap was accompanied by a note, containing these words: "To my doctor,

To those who inquired what could be intend-

On the Acquisition of Territory in Central and South America, to be Colonized with Free Blacks, and held as a Dependency by the United States. Delivered in the House of Representatives, Jan 14, 1838

shall offer to the House the following resolution, which covers the ground that I propose to " Resolved, That a select committee, to consist of — members, be appointed by the Speaker, with instructions to inquire into the

or who may hereafter become free, and who dependency of the United States, with ample guarantees of their personal and political righta." rights."
It was remarked by a gentleman from Ten nessee [Mr. MAYNARD] the other day, on this floor, that he hoped and believed that this question would be discussed and disposed of withmust let me have my own way in everything that I may think necessary to effect his cure."

"Such a condition is too reasonable to be refused, Monsleur," replied the wife, who had stopped crying, and was listening with all her ears to the discourse of the Marquis.

"I shall begin by writing a few lines to your husband, which you will hand to him as soon as he comes in," pursued the gastronomes, soon as he seated himself at a little table, and wrote with his pencil a few words upon the back of a wonderful flavor to everything?"

"Arquis's cookery was one of these.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

quis, as the soup was removed, and the succeeding dishes were placed upon the table—"let me tell you that the King himself will not sit down this evening to a better dinner than ours."

"That is just whot I was saying to myself," what is almost universally felt to be true, that the Slavery question is at the bottom of this whole movement. There is a party in this as he seated himself at a little table, and wrote with his pencil a few words upon the back of a wonderful flavor to everything?"

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the Mar.

"Let me tell you, my children," said the succeed ing dishes were placed upon the table—"let me tell you, the the King himself will not sit down this evening to a better dinner than ours."

"That is just whot I was saying to myself," what is almost universally felt to be true, that the Slavery question is at the bottom of this whole movement. There is a party in this as the soup was removed, and the succeed.

"The inquiry was made immediately, by many around me, "How long will it be before the inquiry was made immediately, by many around me, "How long will it be before the inquiry was made immediately.

of black kerseymered. It was evident that this set of his dress of black kerseymered. It was evident that this set of black experts the series of his words are customer; his small black eyes were bright as pleasing; his lips, though spanewhat sons as in expression, would have revealed to so disciple of Lavater a nature both subtle and generous; and his gast and manner were at once those of a man of rank and of a man of the words.

No soome had he entered the poultry mark as the country who goes to the subtle. No soome had he entered the poultry mark as the country who goes to the subtle and generous; as an his gast and manner were at once those of a man of rank and of a man of the words.

No soome had he entered the poultry marks the security of the words.

No soome had he entered the poultry marks the substance of the subtle and generous; as a substance of the words.

No soome had he entered the poultry marks the substance of the subtle and possessor of a very beautiful dinner service of the words.

No soome had he entered the poultry marks the substance of th Marquis, how can it be possible to give such a wonderful flavor to everything?"

"So you find my cookery tolerable, do you?" returned the gastronomer, with a smile of gratified vanity.

"I never dreamt of anything half so delicious," responded the painter.

"Good! then we will make another attempt to morrow," cried the Marquis, gaily.

"I never dreamt of anything half so delicious," responded the painter.

"Good then we will make another attempt to morrow," cried the Marquis, gaily.

"Bo you find my cookery tolerable, do you?" to be seized, planted with Slavery, annexed to this Union, and, in combination with the present slaveholding States, made to dominate this Government and the entire continent; or, failing in the policy of annexation, to unite with the slave States in a Southern slaveholding Republic. I believe that there are those who entertain such a purpose. I am opposed to the and energy of our best men to aid and direct them in developing the incredible riches of those regions, and thus open them to our commerce, and the commerce of the whole world.

I refer to our enfranchised slaves, all of that class who would willingly embrace the offer to

class who would willingly embrace the offer to form themselves into a colony, under the protection of our flag, and the guarantee of the Republic of every personal and political right necessary to their safety and prosperity.

What I propose is not new; it is bottomed on the reasoning and recommendation of Mr. Jefferson. Speaking of a proposition, similar in many respects, urged by him upon the Legislature of his native State, he says:

"It was, however, found that the public mind would not yet bear the proposition, nor will it even at this day; yet the day is not far distant when it must bear it and adopt it, or worse will follow. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate, than that these people (the negroes) are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same Government. Nature, cannot live in the same Government. Nature, habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of

habit, opinion, have drawn indelible lines of distinction between them. It is still in our power to direct the process of EMANCIPATION AND DEFORTATION, and in such slow degree as that the evil will wear off insensibly, and their place be pari passu filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up. We should in vain look for an example in the Spanish deportation or deletion of the Moors."

The time has ripened for the execution of Mr. Jefferson's plan. By adopting it, we may relieve ourselves of a people who are a burden comfort they can never realize here, where they are treated as a degraded class; reinvig-orate the feeble people of the southern Repub-lics, and open up to the enterprise of our mer-"This evening I shall deliver to you the two saucers, Monsieur le Marquis," exclaimed Simon Leblanc, in an exultant tone, as he came forward quickly, to welcome his kindly guest.

"And this evening we shall also eat our best dinner," returned the latter, shaking the porce lain painter cordially by the hand.

Both parties kept their word. That evening, as the church clocks were striking five, Simon Leblanc quitted his work room, and placed the two saucers in the Marquis's hands.

"You may well be proud of your work, mon and placed the two saucers in the Marquis's hands.

"You may well be proud of your work, mon and placed the two saucers in the Marquis's hands.

"You may well be proud of your work, mon and placed the two saucers in the Marquis's hands.

"You may well be proud of your work, mon and the two beautiful saucers with the eye of a connoisseur. "And now let me show you mine," he added, as he led the way to the dinner table, and showed him the of exertion in that climate. I make this preposition to meet, oppose, and defeat that which seeks by violence to re-establish Slavery, reopen the African slave trade, subject those regions, in Walker's own language, "to military rule," and exclude from them the people of the Northern States. I shall discuss and compare

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Frank and Willie, to o little household specimens of perpetual otion, who, like other Franks and Willies, he very inquiring minds, and like to know how waything is made, had superintended the gre the time when their tile brown fingers uncovered the newly-bur it seeds, that they might watch the curious process of sprouting, till the time when the corn hand ripening, as faithfully as if nature has appointed them to do her work. They had appointed them to do around the roots, and then parted and turned down the hushs, to let the golden sunshine in, that the day of ripene, might come the sooner. At last, the corn is pronounced by wise judges fit for use. He next day we would test its worth. Not a thing that hath not grown

But the next mornic, when we took our accustomed stand of of ervation, on the back piazza, to watch the orning-glories and the corn and lesser growth blank dismay fell upon each one of us. All that waving beauty, all that full ripeness, the pride of our eyes, our summer's boast, our frm—where was it? A few crushed stalks, the emnants of a few blasted leaves, were lying of the ground; and there, in the midst of the rule she had wrought, stood the white see the imidst of a garden where the clive grows and spens, in her villa that overlooks this sura's riping and setting, the Ballombrosan the white cow, in quier satisfaction, looking as innocent as if she had sever heard of broken

gate-hinges, and as u. onscious of fear as if we all had not mur-rous thoughts in our hearts.

The little boys, who slabor had been in vain, and to whose knowledge seeking minds one field of scientific in stigation was forever closed, with loud lame stations, and threats of ruthless devourer of sauty, the destroyer of her late bo succeeds, to say of "poor Rom

Who would stay in-doors to day?

Miriam Gray.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SUSY L-'S DIARY." Mrs. Browning's lat work is the "Story of

Love, concerned for her, tender toward her

That swings along my veine is strong enough. After he has painted all the pains, sins, and

work; to let him come to her, and lean upon her, and rest when he is aweary with his tasks kitows, at sst, that they he strove to be among men. "Love and work with me," he hive turn he says. With indignation, quiet, but strong, Art, young, untried, undisciplined, yet having intuitions of individuel powers for individual

tells him that if man says to loyal woman, if Love says to loyal Art, "Love and work with me," he "Will get fair anay ers, if the work and lov

Being good themselves, are good for her—the best She was born tor—but the your work Is not the best for." And then she says—"Farewell."

O, my Go!, my God.
O, Supreme Artist, who as sole return
For all the cosmic wonder of Thy work,
Commandest of us just I word—a name.
My Father! Thou hast knowledge—on

"Look that way, Sir Blase, She's Lady Waldemar—to the left—in red, Whom Regne y Leigh, our ablest man just now, Is seen chesit to marry." Poor Artt poor Aurora Leigh! And so al

Among the ngain she was.

At dit is plain she was.

By and by she is in Paris. She goes and winders early, because she is restless—

"Through the market-piace, for flowers, (The preniest haunt in Paris,) and makes sure, At worst, that there are roses in the world."

around the roots, ane then parted and turned down the husks, to let the golden sunshine in that the day of ripene. Might come the sooner. At last, the corn is pronounced by wise judges fit for use. See next day we would test its worth.

Alse for human leves! Alas for human foresight! What have to fear? From the beginning, everything ad been done in order. We had fenced out trackling hens in the spring, that our young hopes, high not be destroyed; Marauding pigs, on a schief intent, had been debarred an entrance and a ravenous white cow, that had looked? I summer with envoice eyes on the forbidder fruit, had often found, after hours of futile? ort, that it was forbidden, indeed.

But the next morni?; when we took our accustomed stand of or ervation, on the back customed stand of or ervation, on the same that the stand was not well."

She finds poor Marian Erle there wone, i

be'll of he feet rest soon, and her heart wil

A d knew the first time, twas Boccacio's tales.

The Falcent of the lover, who for love
D stroyed the set that loved him. Some of us
D it still, us been we sit and laugh no more.
Lugh your set Marian! you've the right to laugh,
Since God he self is for you, and a child!
For me there is somewhat less—and so I sigh."

She, by le by, Aurora, is alone upon the terrice; Ma. In, awhile is in the garden below,
with here is yy. Then she comes in, and goes
to her characteristic and Aurora still
is a water of the cathering night and how the

"Drawing you who gaze,
With Scionate desire, to lesp and plunge,
And 4 a sea-king."

It takes hem a long time; but, at last, she lows the ne's failed in all his separate work— " Stay,' I auswered him; aething for your hearing, also. I iled, too!'

He ech wife! mine! Lady Waldemar! I think a said my wife. He sprang to his feet. And the his noble head back toward to moon,

By and y, he says-and then she knows he'

A moment. Heavenly Christ!
A moment. Speak once, Romney Tis not true.
I hold your hands, I look into your face—
You see 536?

"No bye!' A tear! you weep,

A worm, 's pity sometimes makes her mad A flas.' intraction must not cheat his sou To take swantage of it. Yet, 'tis hard-

Whatever could be told by word or kiss."

I had brought to England my poor searching face, (An orphan even of my father's grave,) ife had loved me, watched me." Dear, dear Romney! "He stood a moment with erected brows In silence, and as a creature might, who gazed Stood calm, and fed his hind, majestic eyes Upon the thought of perfect noon." Beloved, blessed Mrs. Browning ! "holy lark!" scaring upward toward divinest heights as the music within her soars.

Oh friendly flame, you doubted me! Which sought to snare you in its sphere

Or was there any end at all?

way across the Pont Neuf in Paris, and betaking himself by the Rue Dauphine and the Quai des Grands Augustins, in the direction of the well-known edifice, with its three long parallel galleries, which verves as a market for the sale of game and poultry.

Though the morning was raw and chilly, he wore neither cloak nor overcoat, but appeared rather as though he might have just quitted some evening party. He was tall, his back slightly rounded by the weight of his sixty years; his costume was partly that of an habitus of the Court, partly that of an officer in the army. His linen, which was remarkably fine and white, displayed a profusion of costly lace; his cravat was of satin, and the rest of his dress of black kerseymere. It was evident that this staircase to the apartment of the porcelain

The following year a friend obtained for the ex-purveyor a sinecure of five thousand france a year. "I can live upon this sum," he remarked, resignedly, "it will find me a crust of bread and a morsel of Gruyere cheese."

"Only one sentence worth listening to has been uttered in modern days," he was accustomed to say, "and that was the remark made by Henrion de Passy: 'I shall believe in progress, when I see a cook among the members of the Institute."

The Marquis de Cussy lunched at noon and dined at six o'clock. His table was open all the year round to any who demanded his hospitality, and his conversation was as brilliant as his cheer. The fame of his skill and judgment in all matters connected with the table had apread far and wide, and he was overwhelmed at the constantly being called upon to protect the propagation of gadnass, and not a lew gray lines silvered her rich chestrut hair, which is gray lines silvered her rich chestrut hair, which is was still very beautiful. She was the wife of the painter. The Marquis penetration at once I divined the want and suffering that had left their traces on this gentle face.

"The work I wish to have done?" he purved, "is easy of execution by a painter of your husband's talent, and will be handsomely paid. Do you think he will consent to undertake it?"

The wife seemed to hesitate, and did not reply.

"Two saucers for a Prince," he pursued, "and a handful of gold in payment."

She held down her head, too much embarrased to make any answer.

"Monsieur Simon Leblanc has been mentioned to me as a skilful workman," resumed the Marquis, puzzled by the woman's silence.

"Monsieur Simon Leblanc has been mentioned to me as a skilful workman," resumed the Marquis, puzzled by the woman's silence. "de with commissions by the most renowned establishments of France and England. In Faris, he was constantly being called upon to prevance on the relative quality of rival calinary preparations; and his word was law in all the markets of the capital, to which he was accusationed to repair very sarrly in the meaning, alone and on foot, as we have seen. He was particularly fond of attacking the principles laid down by his rival in gastronomic renown, Brillat-Savarin, any steere ought to be twelve persons at table; the Marquis de Casy replies—

"Tasts is not the right number; the Balernias school, so wise on such subjects, inculcated the principle, Never be fower than the Tires Graces; never be more than the Nine Muses."

He advises his disciples to drink but a few drages of wine at a time, and was fond of repeating that "the true gourmand would never eat when not hungry." Brillat-Savarin gives two dozen of oysters as the proper allowance for each gnest, and advises that they be opened and placed upon the table beforehand.

"Trofessor, would retort the Marquis, "oyeres opened beforehand.

"Trofessor, would retort the Marquis, "oyeres opened beforehand, and perhaps even dear the surpless of the early that your come to the surpless of the care that they be opened and placed upon the table beforehand.

"Trofessor, would retort the Marquis, "oyeres opened beforehand, and perhaps even dear the surpless of the care that they be opened and placed upon the tables and the principle of the surpless of the care that they be opened and placed upon the table beforehand.

"Trofessor, would retort the Marquis, "oye tess opened beforehand, and perhaps even dear the surpless of the care that they be opened and placed upon the table to the surpless of the care that the two that the care that the two the care that the care that the care that the two that the care t

"The very thing I wanted," said the Marquis, after a rapid glance at the pheasant. Having wrapped his treasure carefully in a newspaper, he took from his purse a piece of gold, paid for the pheasant, saluted the divinities of the market with a how expressive of the utmost good humor, and disappeared.

"And now let me hasten to the spot where I

am so anxiously looked for," he murmured, as he left the market.

When the Marquis was gone, the saleswomen could not keep from sundry little conjectures as to the destination of the pheasant.

"Who can it be for?" said one. "Is it for

way up the dingy stairs for the first time, and those of so many others, bordered the Rhine, kept up a regular correspondence with the

room; the Marquis insisted upon it that they were out of place in a refectory, and coall only different with cought of man who had some of thought of the Marquis trium should have had seed an effect, replied direct, which cought of man who had some of the Marquis when the desired were stated on the dinager whom we have seed estering the positry market on the amorting is question, with the air of an mark ho had some of the positry of the whole and the state of the positry of the whole and forested a wave of the hand to than all, which were bodd in the positry of the winds of gener.

"What is Monissur is Marquis's matter than he carred it."

"The cost legen all at none to spend his morning?" inquired, in coaxing tones, one of the states when the cost of the seed of gener.

"What is Monissur is Marquis, and the world of the splace of gener.

"What is Monissur is Marquis in waster than he carred it."

"The cost legen all at none to spend his morning?" inquired, in coaxing tones, one of the states when the desired was pair of quality?

"A woodoock perhape, Monissur is Marquis, and the world was all the world on the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world on the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world on the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of the wist of the splaces and in the world of t

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the young wods to make the spit turn without money? For a long time past he has given me nothing for the housekeeping, and of course there is nothing in the larder."

"Perhaps a little gentleness on your part of the fire is not an unimportant point in the preparation of a dish? A little more charcoal or a little less is by no motion of the preparation of a dish? A little more charcoal or a little less is by no motion of the preparation of a dish? To those who inquired what could a present of a weak that the making of the fire is not an unimportant point in the preparation of a dish? A little more charcoal or a little less is by no motion at the preparation of the fire is not an unimportant point. To those who inquired what could be preparation of the fire is not an unimportant point. To those who inquired what could be preparation of the fire is not an unimportant point. "Who can it be for?" said one. "Is it for the English Ambassador?" said another. "Perhaps a little gentleness on your part would change his feeling."

"I have worn out all my patience in the effort. Reproaches and entreaties are alike thrown away. I have put up with all this unhappiness and misery for three years, and I am determined to bear it no longer. I have self."

All these conjectures were equally wide of the mark. Had the market women been able to follow the retreating figure of their customer, they would have seen him regain the line of the

Mr. Chairman, whenever it shall be in order.

He was already meditating the preparation of a golden pheasant, a chef d'ævvreof culinary skill and perfection, on which he counted for the completion of the cure he had undertaken to effect. It was the execution of this project which took the Marquis, two days afterward, to the poultry market, as we have seen.

When the Marquis entered the painter's apartment, he found the little rooms decked out as for a festival. Madame Lebiane had been busy all the morning in putting the place into applepie order. The floors had been waxed, and the furniture subjected to a thorough dusting and rubbing. Clean white muslin blinds were to be seen in the windows; the brass knobs of the

the very extreme of barbarism; and I can only the very extreme of barbarism; and I can only the very extreme of barbarism; and I can only the very extreme of barbarism; and I can only to the dinner table, and showed him the second to much petted; it is that has caused his ruin."

In most.

The very extreme of barbarism; and I can only to the dinner table, and showed him the specific true nevertheless. He was made too much of the best we can there."

Sir, I know there are gentlemen, not only the southern but the Northern States, "He cannot resist the action of such a mediate to bount of the tavern, and we will do the best we can there."

"Much obligad to you," returned the Marvises the introduction of mirrors into the dining."

"Much obligad to you," returned the Marvises the introduction of mirrors into the dining."

"He cannot resist the action of such a mediate to bount of the tavern, and we will do the best we can there."

"Sir, I know there are gentlemen, not only from the Southern but the Northern States, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the golden phessant, worthily displayed in a silver of the tavern, and we will do the best we can there."

"Sir, I know there are gentlemen, not only from the Southern but the Northern States, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the golden phessant, worthily displayed in a silver of the tavern, and the way to the dinner table, and showed him the golden phessant, worthily displayed in a silver of the tavern, and the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and showed him the way to the dinner table, and the way to the dinner table, and the way to the dinner table, and the way to the dinner table,